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From the Louisville Literary News Letter.

TIME.

Remorseless Time—
Fierce spirit of the Glass and Scythe—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity! On, still on,
He presses, and forever! The proud bird,
The Condor of the Andes, that can soar,
Through Heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion. Revolutions sweep
O'er earth like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow—Cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water—Fairy Isles
Spring blazing from the Ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns—Mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain—New Empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations—And the very Stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glittering awhile in their eternal depths,
And like the Pleiad, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void—Yet Time,
Time the Tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all pitiless, and pauses not,
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path
To sit and muse like other conquerors
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought."

G. D. P.

From the New York Mirror.

The Favorite Maid of Honor.

BY JOHN ST. HUGH MILLS.

"Her lip was silent, scarcely beat her heart,
Her eye alone proclaimed 'we will not part,'
Thy hope may perish, or thy friends may flee,
Farewell to life—but not adieu to thee."

Morning just dawned. The first rays of the orb of day tipped cheerfully the turrets of the venerable Windsor Castle, making the proud fabric look as if crowned with gold; the velvet, emerald turf sparkled and glowed with brilliant dew drops; the Thames winded his graceful, careless folds, flashing in the sportive beams like a stream of light and murmured his tuneful, unceasing song within a stone's throw of the stately pile. The royal standard, floating proudly in the breeze upon the Tower, signified England's youthful queen was under its time defying roof. The grave sentinels paced their allotted watch with measured tread, not a voice was heard, and silence reigned unbroken.

The opening of a window looking on the terrace, occasioned a veteran to cast his eyes upward, and seeing the form of a loosely attired female, a redness overspread his iron features, as if he had committed a breach of duty, and averting his head he became motionless as one of the surrounding statues.

With head inclined upon her arm, Amie Wingrove gazed upon the fairy scene from her chamber, unconscious of its fascinations. Her face, usually so happy in expression, was pale and marked with anxiety: her eyes were cast downward, bearing evident appearance of weeping, and her lips moved quickly as if holding silent counsel with her thoughts; for no sound escaped them. She was the only child of Colonel Wingrove, an officer distinguished for every desirable qualification, excepting, only that magnet for attracting the world's good opinion—wealth. Upon his death, the liberal pension, allowed by his grateful country for his meretorious and brave conduct, of course ceased, and his daughter, his spoiled and beautiful favorite, was left almost destitute. This being known to her majesty, the distinguished appointment of "a maid of honor" was immediately conferred upon her, a vacancy having fortunately occurred; and Amie soon became the favorite yet unenvied companion of her royal mistress. Seldom was the queen, either riding or walking, without her laughing merry attendant being close to her side, and mutual pleasure existed in each other's society, as from all restraint and form as in the friendship of private life. Long and loud was the laugh which would ring cheerfully from the room where they stole hours together, away from pomp and weary grandeur. The song, light as a bird's would peal upon the ear of the gratified listener, astonishing him with the reality of a queen's being capable of indulging in pleasure with a companion; and being a light hearted merry girl, whose brow never seemed to feel the weight of a massive crown, nor the empty glitter of regal pomp blinding her from the real happiness which may be derived from social amusement. Day after day rolled on with the same reciprocal feelings of esteem and attachment, till one morning after a ball, her majesty having noticed the marked attention of Lord Brandestone, a young officer in the guards to Amie, playfully remarked, "there was much soft whispering between you and Lord Brandestone last evening, Amie."

Ere the conclusion of the observation, Amie started like a frightened fawn, with blushes mantled upon her cheeks, and a manner so strangely hesitating and confused, that astonishment profound took the place of the playful expression on the queen's countenance. She hastily inquired, "what is the matter, Amie? How very singular that my allusion should occasion this exceeding disturbance of feeling."

"Nothing—nothing, indeed, your majesty there is nothing," replied Amie, with such haste, that it was quite obvious there was something exactly contrary in meaning to the expression.

"Come, come, you must confide this secret to me, or we shall subject his lordship to our royal displeasure for traiterously usurping our station in the affections of a best loved subject," said the queen laughing.

"Then it will be unmerited, for no one could occupy that, no, not even *he*;" cried Amie, with excited voice and flushed brow.

"Not even he," repeated the queen, slowly and seriously.

"Then you have unkindly neglected to communicate this affair to me. Oh, Amie! I did not anticipate you would be so very silent upon a subject that should have been told me without the slightest hesitation or concealment."

"Pray forgive me," exclaimed the weeping girl, "I was very wrong; but—but—I ——

"But you preferred keeping the secret.—Well, well, in our clemency we forgive it; but you must confess, now, no thanks to your confidence, the tender tale; how, when and where 'twere told."

"I hardly, indeed, am conscious of what I've been saying," cried Amie, distressed beyond description.

A look of extreme astonishment spread over the features of the queen as she receded a step or two, and steadfastly gazed upon the agitated trembling girl. For some seconds not a word was passed, and nothing but the convulsive sob which now and then escaped the lips of Amie, broke the silence of that distressing pause.—At length her majesty, with altered tone and manner, asked, "Is there nothing you have to communicate?"

"Oh! pray do not ask me now. I will tell you all when—when—" and a flood of tears interrupted the completion of the sentence.

"I am bewildered," exclaimed the queen.—"To morrow morning this must be explained;—till then, Miss Wingrove, adieu."

As she was leaving the apartment with haste and great displeasure in her manner, Amie made some slight ejaculation, which caused her majesty to stop and look around; and perceiving Amie's face buried in her handkerchief and crying, she hastened towards her, and in a kind entreating tone of voice, begged to be relieved of the anxiety she was under for the cause of the evident trouble and misery her companion and favorite was experiencing; but to no purpose, for Amie continued to weep so, that it was impossible for her, even if willing, to speak two words consecutively. The queen finding it impracticable to obtain the intelligence she required, saluted Amie and left the room, saying, "I shall anticipate seeing you to-morrow morning, very early, in my dressing room."

The morning following this scene, with the first break of light, Amie sprung from her restless bed, throwing open the casement, the fresh air revived her drooping spirits, and its coolness replaced the tint of the rose upon the palid cheek. With earnest gaze she bent her looks to one spot, and as each moment passed, so did her apparent anxiety increase. "How unkind is he to be so late!" exclaimed she, impatiently. "What shall I do if he neglects coming?"

At the entrance of the terrace an officer, in the neat undress of the Life-guards, moved quickly along, and appeared so occupied with his own reflections, that he forgot to return the salute of the sentinels as they presented arms to him when passing. He was that height of Chesterfield perfection, about five feet ten inches, slight in figure, having an aqueline, aristocratic nose; thick, black mustaches graced his lip; dark blue eyes, in which honesty or character was clearly developed, and a profusion of naturally curled hair, rendered him altogether any thing but a very plain, lady-avoided, not-to-be-looked-at young fellow. No sooner did Amie catch a glimpse of him, than clapping her hands with delight, she cried—"Thank heaven there he is!" In a second more he was under the window making innumerable signs, which doubtlessly, were intelligible to her, but to others would have been very difficult of solution. The telegraphic communication ended with the sudden disappearance of Amie from the window, and an equally quick re-appearance on the terrace muffled up in a cloak and a very close bonnet. Regardless of the soldiers marching up and down, and with singular lack of admirable discretion and modesty so prevalent in ladies fair, Amie absolutely permitted the youthful disciple of Mars to impress a very long and tender salute upon her beaming and now happy-looking face; nor did she appear the least disconcerted at the termination, but seemed to receive it as a matter of course.

"I am so glad that you are come, dear George, I really don't know what would have been the consequence if you had not!" exclaimed Amie.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the young soldier, "I was greatly inclined not to tease and make you frown, darling, just for novelty's sake."

"Indeed, sir, I beg, and command you not to think of such a piece of insubordination, or you shall be drummed out of the regiment."

"Well, but what would have been the consequence if I had not kept my appointment, Lady B?"

"Now, George, dear, do not be so exceedingly vulgar, as to address me by a plebian initial."

"Oh, my little aristocrat, I beg your pardon; most humbly crave your forgiveness."

"My Lady Brandestone, sir, if you please, or I shall call you, as stifly as possible, my Lord Brandestone," replied Amie, with affected coolness.

"My own pretty, charming, delightful Amie, then; will that suit you?"

"That certainly is an improvement, George—so now to something of more serious method. What do you think of my being so silly as to almost betray the secret of our marriage to the queen, yesterday?" inquired Amie, with something of fear in her manner.

"Nothing more probable," was the reply.

"And this morning, in less than two hours, I shall be obliged to confess our—"

"Imprudence," interrupted the listner.

"For," continued Amie, "her majesty was quite offended at my refusing to confess the cause of my embarrassment, yesterday, and told me to be with her early in the dressing room, this morning; but nothing should have induced me to tell previous to seeing you, because—"

"I told you not," suggested his lordship.—"Now," continued he, "inform me how you managed to get yourself and me into this dilemma."

Amie then recounted the way in which she was surprised, or taken-a-back, as the sailors would say, and the displeasure the queen evinced at being refused the information that was desired—the sleepless night she had experienced—and the immense pleasure she derived at seeing him keep his promise, by coming to the terrace very early, to have some talk of the way she must break the intelligence to her majesty, of her having "a married maid of honor," *an* occurrence most decidedly without precedent in the annals of court intrigue and adventure.

A smile played about the lips of Lord Brandeston, and a good humored expression forced itself upon his countenance, notwithstanding his efforts to conceal it and appear serious, as he almost gravely said, "We are in a sad predicament, truly."

"I know it, dear George, but do say, how we are to get out!" exclaimed Amie, entreatingly.

"You marched us into it."

"Yes, very easily, George: but I can't retreat."

"There is no retreat, Amie."

"What must be done, then?"

"Go strait forward."

"What, tell the whole truth?"

"Yes, you must say, Amie—"

"What dear George?"

"That you are—*not a maid of honor*."

"I am quite offended at your jesting upon so serious a subject," said Amie, with a toss of her beautiful head.

"Why it is true"—ha, ha, ha!" laughed his lordship—"you have been my wife two months, you know, and there never was such a curious incident before as a—"

"What, pray, sir?" interrupted Amie, with her small white hand held in a peculiarly close proximity to his lordships face.

"As a married maid of honor." But ere the completion of the sentence, crack came that little tickler upon the face of his lordship, making him start with a sincerity of disposition that could admit of no question of the reality of the affliction.

"There," said Amie, "now, perhaps you will be more serious."

"You have given me a striking reason for so being, my dear," replied the wounded officer, rubbing his cheek.

"Now inform me what I am to do, or you will receive further proof of cause and effect."

"Not without a little balsam for my pain, Amie," replied he, still persisting to chafe his face.

"Did I hurt its pretty cheek," said Amie, in a tone nurses address to young, very infantine children. "There—it should not be ill-used;" and she ended the consolitory language with a threat to repeat it, if he did not at once reveal to her the way to meet the difficulty of informing the queen how the affair stood; and it was quite clear that it must be known generally, and in detail, forthwith.

"Confess all, love, and ask to be forgiven," replied Brandestone, striking a flower with his cane:

"If so indeed, I shall do it in such a manner that her majesty will know it was all your impatience."

"Not a doubt of it, dear."

"You persuaded me not to wait until you were of age."

"I did."

"It was all your fault, and I shall lose the affection—I may say, sir, of the queen—be blazed in all the newspapers, and those vile magazines as—as—as—"

'Lady Brandestone, or the married maid of honor," continued the gallant officer, taking the wise precaution of having a considerable space intervene between him and his lady.

Oh! I love!—methinks
This word of love is fit for all the world,
And that for gentle hearts another name
Would speak of gentler thoughts than the world owns.

With conflicting feelings of hope, love and fear, Amie sought the presence of her royal mistress, whom she found reading at an open window, looking into a conservatory filled with the choicest exoticks.—Birds of bright plumage suspended in elegant cages from the roof—fountains spouting into basins containing bright fish of varied colours, formed a refreshing and beautiful scene for the eye to dwell upon. As soon as her majesty perceived the entrance of her attendant, she closed the book, which, by the way, was that of prayer, and with a welcoming smile said, "My dear Amie, I am delighted to see you look so well and composed. Come and sit close, very close to me. There, now tell me, for I must know directly, the reason of yesterday's excitement."

With a slight tremour in her voice, and fear depicted in her countenance, Amie thus explained:

"Lord Brandestone was a frequent guest at my dear father's house, and was a great favourite both with him and me. After his decease we seldom had an opportunity of meeting, except in public, which was, as he said, "a source of continual misery to him,' and I am ready to say to your majesty, it was little less so to me. His lordship not being of age and till then having but his pay to live upon. I was prudent enough to request him to be patient and defer our union until the attainment of his majority. This he consented to with reluctance, provided I would meet him occasionally on the terrace; but this I refused, thinking it might be discovered and talked about. After a great deal of conferring, and endeavoring to arrange the affair to mutual inclination, I was—that is, your majesty—he persuaded me to—to marry in private, and not divulge the secret—and—and—'

'I by accident mentioning his name gave you an idea the plot was discovered!'

'Ye—yes—your Majesty.'

'Oh, Amie, you little traitor.'

'May I hope to be forgiven?' exclaimed the kneeling girl.

'Forgive you dearest! heaven bless you, and render you unalloyed and continued happiness,' exclaimed her majesty, taking her by the hand, and raising her from the floor.

—

Often may be seen two merry girls, waltzing and singing together, without a shadow of sorrow, nor the faintest trace of care, on their smiling, sunny faces. The one is Victoria, queen of England—the other, Lady Brandestone, the *cidevent* 'maid of honor.'

From the Metropolitan.

Dryden and Swift.

Dryden and Swift. "Alike—yet, O, how different!" alike in boldness of character and imagination—in the great influence which each exercised over the literature of his country—in energy of mind—in clearness and sagacity of understanding—in unequalled powers of satire—in perfect mastery over English thoughts, English words. In the art of rulling his fellow men and bending them to his purpose, Swift was the greater: in the power of delighting persuading and convincing them, Dryden bore off the balm. Both were great reasoners; but Dryen only was the great poet. Swift scarcely ever soared beyond those *vers-de-societe*, which he flung off without labor as a relief to his dark melancholy, or bitter thoughts. He looked upon literature as a pastime—as a means of gratifying his desire for personal distinction—or as a part of his system of *vive la bagatelle*, which he propounded as a rule of life. To Dryden, literature was daily bread. It brought him his laureatship and its butt of canary, and it compensated for their loss when they were taken away. His little puritanical patrimony of Blakesley would have confined him for life to his suit of drugget, but for his rhyming plays, his prologues, epilogues, dedications, and translations. Dryden wrote hurriedly—painfully; pandering too often to a depraved taste and corrupt passions. Yet how gloriously at times did he lift himself above that stagnant and pestiferous atmosphere! The image of the old poet composing Ode, his grey hairs waving round his inspired features, tremulous with mental emotion, and lighted up with the fires of genius, forms one of the noblest pictures of which our literary annals afford a glimpse. Nor is the scene less striking or affecting when we recall him, in advanced life, pausing amidst his toils, his vanities, and his controversies; repenting that his youth had been "winged with vain desires," or repeating in all the fulness of conviction—solemn as autumn winds or rivers in solitude—his deep and awful soliloquy—

"Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When Day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's flight;
So dies and so dissolves in supernatural light.'

The life of Swift presents no such exalted moods as these. He could wither with irony and invective—excite to mirth with his wit and invention—transport us with wonder at his marvellous powers of grotesque and ludicrious combination, his knowledge of human nature, (piercing "quite through the deeds of men,") and his matchless power of feigning reality and assuming at pleasure different characters and situations in life. But he wielded the rod of empire chiefly to throw down and deface, not to build up or embellish. He hurled some indignant philippies at the abuse of power, breathing the utmost scorn and defence of oppression; but this was not his usual vein. To strip the world of all its pleasant drapery and disguises, its romance, its morning and twilight tints of fancy, was his constant object. He was like the Puritans, who painted the walls of their churches black to remind them of their sins. His birthday he kept by reading the chapter of Job, in which the patriarch curses the day on which he was born. Yet he had risen from the dreary level of poverty and dependence, to sit at good men's feasts, ride in the couches of prime ministers; he had a nation at his beck and was a prosperous and wealthy gentleman. Deep in his haughty soul must have been seated that recollection of youthful wrongs, contumely, and disappointment, which could make all these things, like the book of the angel, as honey in the mouth, but bitter in belly!

Dryden, when stricken in years, toiled incessantly; his fortune was wrecked; he was brow beaten by coarse and insolent booksellers; troubled with disease; attacked and villified by literary rivals; and far from enjoying ease or happiness in his domestic relations. Notwithstanding this load of depressing circumstances, the aged bard "bated not a jot of heart or hope." He continued writing, translating and battling to the last. His fancy was brighter and more prolific than ever; it was like a brilliant sunset, most varied and gorgeous at its close; or, like a river that expands in breadth, and fertilizes a wider tract of country, ere it is finally engulphed in the ocean. The "Fables" of Dryden require no detail of circumstances to paliate defects or heighten beauties, yet let it ever be remembered that, when they were written, the great poet was at least in his sixty-eighth year. His immortal ode was produced two years previous.

Dryden and Swift were relations, but they could scarcely be called *friends*. The dean his many a sarcasm on his illustrious kinsman. He makes Dryden ironically appeal from "an understanding and a conscience threadbare and ragged with perpetual turning." It is true, Dryden had turned from the praise of Cromwell to the praise of Charles the Second—from the Puritans to the players—and from the Protestant to the Papists. But Swift himself was not a steady politician, and his turn from Halifax, Somers, and Addison, to Harley and the Tories, involved not only a change of political party, but something like an abandonment of private friendship. He was rewarded with an Irish deanery—a specious banishment, as he ever considered it. Dryden's change of religion happened at a time that suited his interest, and such conversions are always looked upon with suspicion. Yet no person can read his *Religio Laici* without perceiving that his mind was previously prepared for this step. He had been tossed in doubts and difficulties, unsettled by the practice of a loose age, and borne away by the current of the times that ran so strongly in high places in favor of the imposing ritual and creed of the Catholics. Satisfied or overpowered by the prospect of an infallible guide, he closed in with the ranks of the court, and gladly exclaimed.

"Good life be now my task; my doubts are done."

From the Baltimore Patriot.

Sketches of United States Senators.

The following is an extract from "Sketches of United States Senators of the Session of 1837–'8," by a talented member of the Washington city bar,—James Hoban, Esq.

The portraitures of some of these distinguished men are vividly and shiningly drawn—and the style of the writer is at once nervous and classical. Mr. Hoban ought to devote his pen oftener to the muse of Literature.

As a specimen of the work we select the following.

HENRY CLAY.

Mr. Clay is an individual calculated, in any country, and at any period, to command much notice. His talents and his cast of mind are of the practical order.—You are struck at once with his appearance. He is tall and slender of shape, his arms defectively, too long for his size. In dress he is plain—yet adhering to the now antiquated blue coat and gilt buttons. When he commences his remarks, he appears rather awkward and ungainly—which appearance is heightened by a pronunciation of some words with remarked peculiarity and impropriety. These defects, however are lost sight of as he proceeds, and when warmed with a subject favorable to display, he is certainly the most overpowering and fascinating speaker of his age. His form then becomes lofty and erect—his countenance beams with life. He looks, thinks and feels every word he utters. His action is, at times violent in the extreme, yet not overstrained or unnatural. His voice is indiscribably fine, and constitutes one of the greatest charmes of his oratory. Indeed no man can witness an effort of Mr. Clay's without assenting to the truth of the remark of the Grecian who being asked wherein consisted eloquence, replied, "action, action, action."

Of Mr. Clay as an orator you can have no kind of idea, by reading his speeches. You are amused when you peruse coolly in the papers, a day or two afterwards, what enchanted your attention and fastened your soul and your senses, midst the crowd and beautiful at the capital. I will remember the first time I heard Mr. Clay. I was quite a child, and on a holiday afternoon wandered into the capital. The columns and the pictures "caught my youthful fancy." While there, Mr. Clay spoke casually and briefly, upon the repair of the Cumberland road, I recollect it as if the occurrence was but yesterday. The impression upon me by his voice! how various, how commanding, how rich in volumn and in intonation! In the course of his remarks, he used this exclamation, "the West! the West! the poor West!" I was actually awed. The painted dome above his elevated form repeated "the West the West."—He gave to the word poor the most melancholy emphasis, —it was re-echoed with added dolefulness.

Simple as the circumstance may seem and long ago as it occurred, yet the music, the magic, the tone and the effect with which that simple sentence was uttered engraved it with the form and manner of the speaker forever upon my memory, and

"It haunts me yet, tho' many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody."

The face of Mr. Clay is strongly indicative of mind and passion. His hair is light—unfrosted yet—his forehead expanded—his nose large, broad, and Roman—his eyes blue, his cheek bones prominent, his complexion florid. His most remarkable feature, however, is the mouth which expands almost from ear to ear, and is wonderfully expressive. It is very difficult, truly and fairly to depict the characteristics of the mind of Mr. Clay. He possesses the utmost tact and readiness in debate. He is plain practical and convincing in argument, with ready wit and matchless declamation. Although fervent and vehement, yet Mr. Clay cannot be said to be imaginative. You find few of his expressions or paragraphs brilliant or striking enough for preservation. There seems but little not always in the best state, but appears, as it were by accident, upon the surface of his earnest diction. His great power in passion—the basis of that passion a strong common sense conviction of the truth of what he utters. He drags his hearers along with him like the locomotive brings on the attached cars—the steam within impels the first, and the latter must obey the propulsion. His mind appears surcharged with a force of conviction sufficient to hurry his whole audience irresistibly to his own conclusion.

Mr. Clay is well calculated to earn and deserve popularity. He cultivates kind feelings towards his adversaries, and gives and receives without offence, whatever pleasantry to which a subject may be calculated to give rise. He is bold and spirited in every movement and physically and morally of undaunted bravery. He is eminently calculated to head and lead a party—feeling enthusiasm and imparting it. His views of policy are liberal and broad. The ambition with which he is charged is but the natural instinct of his greatness—that voice within calling to eminence those who know themselves to be capable of attaining it. He has long been prominent before the country and all will agree, that in times of trial, his patriotic exertions have been devoted to the general good. Without discussing the propriety of his political career, always studiously repudiated in these sketches, at least we may add, without reproof from any, that

"He has done the state some service, and they know it."

Mr. Clay may be said to have commenced his political career by a spirited opposition in 1797, '98, to Alien and Sedition Laws. In 1816 he was appointed by the Legislature of Kentucky, to serve out the unexpired term of General Adair, in the Senate of the United States. In 1811 he opposed the renewal of the charter of the Bank of the United States. He was an ardent supporter of the late war. In 1814 he was to Ghent as one of the commissioners to negociate with those of Great Britain, about the peace which resulted from their labors. Of the system of Internal Improvement by the General Government he may be almost said to be the father. The Tariff and protection of Domestic Manufactures have found in him an unvarying friend. He was also very conspicuous in the settlement of the Missouri question—a subject which threatened the permanence of our glorious institutions. Mr. Clay long presided over the House of Representatives:—that high and difficult station he filled with great ability and success. Such are some of the prominent points and characteristics of his career. His later history has transpired within the memory and before the eyes of their readers. For the last few years the party to which he is attached has always turned to him with the affection and confidence which they have willingly extended to one long trusted and respected.—Mr. Clay seems yet in the enjoyment of vigorous health and fine spirits. Time has dealt not unkindly with him, and his faculties of mind and body, promise long to continue in unabated strength and health.

Our "Democratic" President.

A gentleman travelling South has written a letter to the editor of the Boston Traveller, a neutral paper, in which the following description is given of the manner in which "*the democrats*" are received at the White House. "Pity 'tis 'tis true."—*Madisonian.*

Washington, D. C. April 29, 1839.

On Friday evening, having a letter of introduction, I called on the President. I found him in the reception room, reclining upon a sofa. I can say little of him, except that he looks like his picture. From the representations I had heard of him, I expected to have found him vir affabilis, et eruditus, et benevolus, but was disappointed. The humblest rustic in the woods of Columbia, dwelling in a low roofed cottage, where I had occasion to call, treated me with greater urbanity. He may have that Chesterfield politeness, on occasions of public notoriety, which consists in a display of ostentatious smiles, but the true democrat, who regards all men as his fellows and equals in the great scale of being, has something more. I do not consider him to possess the elements of true greatness—that is, he is not great as Washington was great, or Jefferson, or Franklin, or John Quincy Adams. All these men have cut their niche in the temple of time and of fame, but this man does not appear to me to possess a spirit which can comprehend the universe. I have been with the humble laborer, and with the titled descendant of illustrious princes—I have conversed with the illiterate slave, and with the men of many languages—and I never before met with an individual whose mind I could not in five minutes, which I chose, bring within the compass of mine, so that we could find a source of mutual gratification. But though I endeavored to introduce topics which I thought, from their political necessity, could not fail to be interesting, and would have suggested measures of public advantage, in which I feel an intuitive assurance that either of the great statesmen I have named, would have listened, even if they had afterwards disagreed, I could elicit nothing from him. I would have told him a natural and easy method to settle that long controverted question of the eastern boundary; with strict regard to the honor of both nations, but without reference to that glory which is based solely on arms, of which both nations have enough and to spare. I would have talked to him of more important things than this, but he was not disposed to listen, and I came silently away. Had Mr. Van Buren, or his most abject slave, come five hundred miles to pay me the tribute of his regard, I would have treated him with deference, and listened to him with respect. I have no disposition to censure the President—he doubtless possesses great merit, or he would not have been placed by a majority of the people at the head of the nation; but it appears to me that the man who, by a fortuitous concurrence of circumstances, is so far uplifted as to acquire the tinge of aristocracy, without the amenity of which should characterize it, may be a President of the United States, or whatever else the people may please to make him, but he cannot be a democrat. In a government like ours, we want to behold them. When Washington was censured for taking off his hat to a humble individual, he replied that he would not suffer himself to be outdone in politeness by a black man. Lord Peter, with all his loyalty and hearty attachment to a kingly government is twice the practical democrat which Mr. Van Buren is. We are too apt to be deceived by names. If men will only style themselves democrats, they may lord it over the people with the highest hand of tyranny. The truth is, our government is becoming too aristocratic and servile. There was a time when the head of the nation was the President of the people—now it seems we are to be subjected to the People of the President. The inquiry is not, are you a friend of the People and the constitution—but are you a Jackson man, or Van Buren man? Ability is a slight consideration, but a disposition to support all measures is the qualification for office. Were the archangel Gabriel to come without his wings he would not be regarded. I go for the people, and I shall be heartily glad when we shall once more have a President of the U. S., and not the head of a party.

☞ We are sometimes told that Swartwout is a Whig. Even if it were true, does that fact exonerate from accountability the Administration, which for nine years permitted him to plunder the public money undetected, or, if detected, unpunished? But who ever heard that he was a Whig before he became a Defaulter? If he was a Whig, why did Gen. Jackson proscribe that honest man and Whig, Jonathan Thompson, to make a place for Swartwout? In what other instance did he ever betray so much attachment to a member of that denounced and slandered party? But that it is not true, is evident from the fact that Swartwout was a leader in Tammany Hall, the ground headquarters of the Democratic party of New York, so late at least as the Removal of the Deposites; and even after that time, he never co-operated with the Whigs. But his unadulterated Jacksonism is proved by the fact, that when he was nominated, his appointment was voted for by Benton, Brown of N. C., Ellis of Miss., Forsyth, Grundy, King of Ala., Livingston, Rives, Woodbury, &c. of the Administration party, 23 in all, and opposed by Barton, Clayton, Webster, Frelinghuysen, Sprague, &c. numbering 20. No, no, gentlemen, the Whigs disclaim all fellowship with your detested rogues.—B.

☞ Felix Grundy, Attorney General of the United States, passed through Lexington, Va. on Wednesday last, on his way to Tennessee. We suppose he is going thither to electioneer against John Bell for Congress, and in favor of James K. Polk for Governor. We suppose this is his object, as he has recently taken the field, in an elaborate article in the Washington Globe, over his own signature, to prove that Martin Van Buren was in favor of the last War, and that his support of the candidate of the Peace Party for the Presidency in opposition to James Madison, demonstrates it!—Felix Grundy is a dexterous special pleader; but it will take more ingenuity than even he possesses to prove that black is white. We are glad to see that he is so little incumbered by official duties, that he is able to write electioneering articles and to act as a travelling missionary at the same time. He is thus redeeming Gen. Jackson's pledge to prevent the patronage of the Federal Government being brought into conflict with the freedom of elections!

Lynchburg Va.

Meekness cannot well be counterfeited. It is not unmanliness—it is not servility—it doth not cringe—it doth not whine. It is benevolence imitating the Godhead in patience, forbearance, and quietness. It has no connection with insensibility. It feels keenly, but not malignantly. It abounds in good will.